Dwels in the fickle grace of her he followes,
Out varlet, from my sight.
Duke. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonorill.

Gon. Who struckе my seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou didst not know ant.
Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
If you do loue olde men, if you sweet sway alow
Obedience, if your selues are old, make it your cause,
Send downe and take my part;
Art not asham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand sir, how haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion findes,
And dotage tearmes so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th stockes?
Duke. I set him there, but his owne disorders
Deseru'd much lesse aduancement.
Lear. You; did you?
Reg. I pray you father being weake, seeme so,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and soiourne with my sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her, and fifty men dismist?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity of the ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch, returne with her:
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life afoote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter

To this detested groome.
Gon. At your choise sir.
Lear. Now I prethee daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my childe, farwell,
Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my bloud, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that lies within my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine, thou art a byle,
A plague sore, an imbossed carbuncle in my
Corrupted bloud, but Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether so sir, I looke not for you yet,
Nor am prouided for your fit welcome,
Giue eare to my sister, for those
That mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you are old, and so,
But she knowes what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken now?
Reg. I dare auouch it sir, what fifty followers,
Is it not well? what should you need of more,
Yea or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speakes gainst so great a number, how in a house
Should many people vnder two commands,
Hold amity, tis hard, almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From those that she cals seruants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord? if then they chanc'st to slacke you,
We could controle them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twenty, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.
Lear. I gaue you all.